

Horse Department.

The Middlebury Register now for more than a year has been giving much original and valuable information upon Morgan and other celebrated horses. It intends to continue publishing such information from week to week, giving at least a page to its Horse Department. When sufficient material has accumulated we expect to place it in book form, publishing first our volume upon the Morgan Horse, and afterwards a Register of the more distinguished sires and performers. In the latter we hope to include all 24 performers, with their breeding, so far as can be ascertained; also to distinguish between things that are known and things that are not known, in every pedigree. In all cases the evidence upon which the pedigrees are based will be given to the public through the columns of The Middlebury Register. This we are satisfied, is what the public wants and ought to have. Many judgments are better than one.

The Register by reason of this extensive information and this method of giving it, is rapidly becoming indispensable to all breeders and horsemen. It should also be an excellent medium for advertisers, especially those dealing in Morgan horses.

Preserve your files, for they will form, with the full index thereto, a most valuable and available encyclopedia of horse matters.

OLD HORSE ADVERTISEMENTS.

The following advertisements are copied from volume I. of The Vermont Aurora, published at Vergennes. In No. 48 of that volume, bearing date May 25, 1825, are these:

The well-known horse Telescope will stand this season at T. Stevens's Tavern in Vergennes and at the stable of the subscriber in Ferrisburgh.

HENRY CHORCK.

Ferrisburgh, May 11, 1825.

Cock of the Rock will be kept at Vergennes. The terms are twenty dollars whether mares prove in foal or not. To save trouble, travel and disappointment the public are informed that no deduction will be made from that price.

A. W. BARNUM.

Vergennes, 12th April, 1825.

Independence at Addison, Panton and Vergennes. Independence is four years old, of a light bay color and for beauty, size and stock will compare with any horse in the country.

DAVID JACKSON.

Addison, May 10, 1825.

Cock of the Rock appears in a similar advertisement in 1826, and also again "The noted horse Telescope," at 82 and 83. Also this:

Post Boy.—The subscriber purchased on the 3d day of May, 1825, the celebrated and thorough-bred English horse Post Boy, which will stand the coming season at the stable of Col. Joel Doolittle in Shoreham at the moderate price of \$85 and 80, the same he has always stood at at the stable of John Earl of Warwick, Worcester, Mass.

Post Boy was bred by said Earl on his own farm; he was sired by the noted horse Dinwiddie, the name of the county in Virginia where the Dinwiddie was bred. Said horse was purchased by said Earl and Luther Smith at the price of \$1000, cash. The dam of Post Boy was purchased by said Earl in the city of Charleston, S. C., at the price of \$150. She was a first-rate English mare and was 15-2 hands high. Post Boy is 15 hands, of a dark bay roan color, is uncommonly handsome and of great speed. He has run a number of races, not exceeding one mile heats, in the State of Massachusetts and has never been beat by any horse. His colts are elegant, some of them 16 hands, valued at from one to six hundred dollars each.

For beauty, bone and activity he is thought by good judges to be the most elegant horse in the State. He had 70 mares last season at the stable of Charles Eager in Bridport.

JOEL DOOLITTLE.

Shoreham, April 7, 1826.

The elegant horse Superior is a dapple black, 16-2 hands, eight years old next June, said to be by King Herod. Will stand at Hinesburgh, Monkton and Starksboro.

JEDEDIAH REED.

Monkton, May 10, 1826.

YOUNG MESSENGER.—The noted horse Young Messenger, well known by those acquainted in St. Lawrence Co., N. Y., by the name of the Freeman horse, will stand at George Pease's in Ferrisburgh, at Geo. Sherman's Inn, Charlotte and stable of subscriber. Young Messenger is seven years old, of a beautiful dapple gray, 16 hands high; for beauty, speed and elegance of movement is exceeded by none. This horse is of a noted breed; his grandsire was out of the old imported horse Messenger; his dam a full-blooded English mare, his stock is indisputably good. Twelve of his colts can be seen at Wainwright's stable in Middlebury; 82 to 84.

ABNER SQUIER.

Charlotte, May 1826.

The following statement of the pedigree of Young Messenger is given by his former owner:

MADRID, 17th April, 1826.

MR. ABNER SQUIER.  
Sir:—Agreeable to your request of the 15th inst., wishing me to forward you pedigree of Young Messenger I can say he was sired by the Messenger owned by me whose sire was the old Messenger purchased on Long Island by Judge Ogden. Old Messenger was sired by the Imp. Messenger. His dam was Katy Fisher, owned by Dr. Young of Virginia; this mare had run nine heats, and as report says, was never beaten. Old Messenger from his stock ranks first in the estimation of the best judges in the United States, and needs no further recommendation. Young Messenger was out of Mr. Bass's English mare, which mare was bred in New Hampshire; her stock has proved her blood. Young Messenger is seven this spring; his stock are scattered over this country and in some parts of Canada, which for size, strength and activity has not been surpassed except by Messenger himself.

JOSEPH FREEMAN.

Young Messenger is advertised by Abner Squier again in 1827, at Charlotte and Vergennes. Also in 1828, Charlotte, Vergennes and Middlebury, at 86.

In 1829 the noted horse Magnum Bonum, Ferrisburgh, Charlotte, Hinesburgh, Monkton and Vergennes. Dark bay 15-2 hands, 1100 lbs.; sired by the celebrated horse Magnum Bonum, imported by Mr. Rylander of New York, and has generally been considered by good judges to be as good a horse for stock as was ever imported. His dam was

of high blood. He took first premium at New York Agricultural fair. This certificate is given:

We certify that we have been acquainted with the horse Magnum Bonum lately purchased by Joseph Wells, Vermont, and consider him to be as good a horse for stock as this country ever produced. Given at Cambridge, Washington Co., N. Y. Signed, Austin Wells and eleven others.

Telescope appears again: Cock of the Rock at 815; Cripple, by Cock of the Rock four years old also.

Young Telescope, by Hiram Spaulding, Panton; and the beautiful horse Young Brutus sired by Imp. horse old Brutus well known for speed and bottom; his dam was sired by old Enterprise for many years the most celebrated horse in this part of the country. Young Brutus dark bay, four years old.

PRIMUM STORMS.

Panton, May 5, 1829.  
Dapple Gray Messenger at S. Hobbs's in Waltham, Erick Sprague's, Weybridge and Wm. Hart-shorn's, Vergennes; four years old, by Freeman horse or old Messenger. His dam owned by Ira Sanford, St. Lawrence Co., sold for \$150, 84 to 86; bred by Ira Sanford, Canton, N. Y.; A. M. Hobbs, Waltham.

Liberty—the noted horse, at Addison, Hinesburgh, New Haven, Vergennes, 83 to 85. Liberty is owned by David Jackson, and is from the well known horse old Liberty, formerly kept in this county, by Allen Smith of Addison, and from which many of the finest horses in this country descended. Liberty is very large, of a beautiful light bay color, and moves elegantly. His stock is hardly exceeded in beauty by that of any horse in the county and in size, bone and muscle by none.

A. W. BARNUM.

Panton, May 11, 1829.

BRILLIANT GOLDDUST.

SPRINGFIELD, Ill., Oct. 22, 1886.  
Editor Register:—Some time during the last summer I was handed a clipping from your valuable paper asking for pedigrees of Morgan bred horses; and as I am a breeder of that particular strain, I herewith furnish the pedigree of my stallion Brilliant Gold Dust, together with the names and performances of some of his colts.

Brilliant was sired by L. L. Dorsey's Gold Dust (original), he by Vermont Morgan, he by Barnard Morgan, he by Gifford Morgan. Gold Dust's dam was by the imported Arabian horse Zildanie; second dam by the imported horse Barefoot. Brilliant's dam was by Green Mountain Black Hawk, he by Sherman Black Hawk or better known as the North Horse, and he by Bill's Black Hawk. His granddam was by Vermont Morgan out of Kitty Bowls, by Arab, and he by imported Buzzard.

Brilliant is chestnut, nearly 15-3; no white, except a few hairs in forehead; eyes yellow and quite prominent; have never met his superior in style; do not know his age; is remarkably active, and after having finished this season in the stud, was given a little track work and frequently trotted from wire to wire in 2:40 or better. Mr. L. L. Dorsey, formerly owner of Eden Stock Farm, now the L. L. Dorsey who was your correspondent, who is a nephew and co-squire of the former, informed me that Brilliant had, when owned by his son, Sam'l P., trotted a mile track in less than 2:30—the exact figures he could not remember. If Brilliant has a record I am not aware of it. He has, it was done at some of the Pumpkin shows, as he took very many premiums for speed, form and style. But few of his colts have received any training. Those that I know of are as follows:

Gray Eagle, raised by D. H. Rounds of Bloomington, Ill.; record 2:32 1-2, owned by Jno. Breuch, Esq., of McAllister place, Chicago.

Little Frank, record, 2:34 1-4—raised by same party that raised Gray Eagle; owned by Mitchell, Dakota Territory.

Nettie B., record 2:43—owned by E. B. Sackett, Chicago.

Temp Elliott, raised by your correspondent; five years old; now owned by Mr. Charles Franks; won the 2:40 class at Peoria, July 22, 1886, and then beat Judge Trumbull match race; time 2:36 1-4 at Barre, Pike Co., Ill., where his owner resides. For a summary of the race at Peoria, see Benis's Horseman.

Temp received but little more than one season's training. I sold him as a two-year-old for \$300.

I also own the stallion Pickle Gold Dust, sired by Billy Gold Dust, and he by the original Gold Dust; first dam by imported Scythian; second dam by Sir Archy. He is 16 hands, dark chestnut, 12 years old; and by Pickle I have a very speedy gelding, black, 15-3, much style, well broke, seven years old.

The writer well remembers old Pilot, as well his son, Pilot, Jr., and was well acquainted with their owners. I now doubt there being a purer Morgan horse in America than Brilliant Gold Dust and a surer foal-getter I have never known.

The writer will be pleased to answer any queries pertaining to his horses.

Respectfully,  
H. S. BLAIR.

No. 321 North 4th St.

TROTTERS vs. RUNNERS.

[From Banton's Spirit of the Turf.]

In making a comparison of prices obtained at the trotting horse sale of the late J. C. McFerran, and the equally famous thoroughbred stud of Pierre Lorillard, the same week, we are amazed at the facts. The 83 head of Mr. Lorillard sold at an average of \$1,724, while the 176 head at Glenview sold at an average of \$1,858. Hitherto, thoroughbred horses have always out-sold trotters in general. Of course, a few isolated cases, like that of Maud S. and other stars, have brought fabulous prices; but at the great auction sales the runners have heretofore held the lead. But now that the question of superiority is emphatically settled, we believe there will be no going backwards.

The world-renowned Troquois, with four good mares thrown in, only brought \$25,250; while at the Glenview sale Panton, without any help, brought \$28,000. The most famous of the Lorillard brood mares brought only \$4,010, while a mare comparatively unknown brought over \$7,000 at the Glenview sale. It will thus be seen that trotting-horse breeders have but just begun to prosper, and that in the near future the boasted blood of the thoroughbred horse will occupy second position.

A MEMORY.

A baby girl with loping coo,  
Eyes wide-open, mouth golden curls,  
Softest, snowiest, rose-lined feet,  
And lips half-parted, showing pearls.

A serious child with sweetest gentle,  
Meekness given as a crown,  
Held about with sanctitude,  
And lids long-lashed serene cast down.

A maiden in a darkened room,  
Still and calm on smooth, white bed,  
Blossoms pale in waxen hands,  
And thro' the gloom a glory shed.

A narrow grave in churchyard old,  
O'erbraced with tangle sweet  
Of eglantine and jasmine white,  
And grasses lush that waving meet.

—Annie Roseman Lyon in Courier-Journal.

THE ROAD TO REJUVENATION.

A Morning Pantomime Which Leads to Physical Health and Good Morals.

Ex-Judge Horace Russell has just returned from a sojourn in Humboldt, Germany. Physically he is a new man, not because he has made a mineral water cistern of himself, but because he has discovered and put into practice a new system of gymnastics. Mr. Russell is a very strong man. If he sees a street car derailed he feels an irresistible desire to lift it on the tracks again. He has a great admiration for Jean Valjean, the hero of "Les Misérables," who could climb two walls built at a right angle. Mr. Russell once had difficulty in climbing a flight of stairs. Now he never uses an elevator. This is the way he rejuvenated himself:

"A certain German professor named Ling wrote a book on gymnastics about half a century ago," said Mr. Russell, "and his method he called kinesiopathy. No appliances, mechanical or medical, are necessary. His theory was that motion is the principal agent in the whole process of life, and that systematic muscular exercise is the simplest and surest way to prevent disease and to strengthen the moral character."

Mr. Russell goes through this pantomime every morning. He stands rigid, raises his arms sideways and upward, then circles them rapidly forward, upward and sideways, down again. Still standing he slowly moves his shoulders so as to describe a circle forward, upward, backward and downward, often enough to feel tired. Then with his hands on his hips he keeps his legs rigid but swings his body backward, forward, and in a circle, with his waist as the pivot. He has a number of other movements for the arms, such as rotation in both directions while they are held at right angles to the body. He bends his head forward and backward, turning it sideways and circling it as if trying to unscrew it. He raises himself on heel and toe, stretches, circles and bends his legs, always with systematic regularity. The result is that every muscle in his body is at a tension, including many muscles, the existence of which he never before suspected.

"Craving for drink or tobacco," he says, "or a disposition toward vice in any form, is due to the morbid taste of the systematic nerve. All kinds of aches and pains are the result of weak nerves. An irritable, nervous system destroys the lucidity of reasoning and the capacity for pleasure. Only in a healthy body dwells a healthy mind."—Cor. Brooklyn Eagle.

A Street Crowd in Paris.

Of all places in the world Paris is the place in which it is easiest to gather a crowd. Americans are wont to rail at the slow-footed messenger boy and the absent-minded car conductor, but nowhere in the wide universe are the people so unanimously in favor of lounging and loitering as in the French capital. The shopkeeper stands on his threshold and chats; the policeman gossips with the news-woman; the hack driver lolls back in his vehicle until summoned to work, and everybody makes a rush for the point at which the presence of a dozen persons indicates that something or other is to be seen. A crowd of 1,000 men, women and children can be gotten together in five minutes in any part of the town.—Cor. New York Times.

The Arch Did Not Move.

And speaking of photographs, I am reminded of the anecdote related the other day by The Photographic News to show that among photographers, at any rate, the old adage, "Use is second nature," still holds true. A Parisian photographic artist was the other day engaged in securing a new view of the Arc de Triomphe, and he presently became quite absorbed in his task, so much so, in fact, that he in due course, much to the amusement of the crowd gathered around, cried out in the mechanical voice which photographic artists affect: "Now, please, keep quite still! One! two! three! Thank you very much!" It is scarcely necessary to add that the arch thus appealed to did not move.—London Figaro.

Metal-Faced Fabric.

A metal-faced fabric or material for interior decorations is made by precipitating upon a previously prepared plate a thin sheet of metal, and then applying a thin coat of glue, gelatine or other sticky substance on the metal or on the material to which the transfer is to be made, in such a way that the thin film of metal can readily be stripped off upon the article or fabric to be coated.—Boston Budget.

Papered with Envelopes.

A young lady in a north side flat has papered the walls of her bedroom with the envelopes which have inclosed the letters she has received for the last few years. As these are of various sizes and variegated colors, and bear a variety of handwriting and an odd collection of stamps, the effect is very quaint. This is a not uncommon custom in the eastern colleges.—Cor. Chicago News.

Badly Ventilated Halls.

Mr. Beecher recently declared, in a lecture at Gateshead, England, that he never yet had spoken in a hall where 1,000 persons could breathe comfortably for an hour and a half together.—Chicago Times.

A LECTURE ON FINGER-NAILS.

What a Physician Says—A Doctor's Precaution—Revolving Morsels.

"Few habits are more prevalent and none more disgusting than biting the finger-nails," said a prominent physician the other day. "Cleaning the nails with a penknife and picking the teeth in public are practices vulgar enough, but biting the nails is far worse. It is disgusting in more ways than one. It renders the finger tips soft, pulpy and shapeless, and destroys the beauty of the nails. Properly cared for they are an important item in personal adornment. Next to pearly, regular teeth, pink, shapely nails are, perhaps, the most striking indication of neatness and cleanliness. A person with no regard for these little things is pretty sure to be slovenly in other respects; one who munches his finger-nails as he talks to you may be set down at once, and with slight danger of injustice, as an all-around slattern."

"Beside, think of the nastiness of it. Dust and dirt of all kinds lodge under the finger nails. Every article that the hand touches contributes its share to the rapidly accumulating deposit of filth. There is no use minding matters. The nail deposits are filth of the most offensive and miscellaneous sort. The dirt lodged under the nail soon becomes soft and pasty from the excretion of perspiration. In this form it is bitten off with fragments of the nail, moistened by the saliva, turned over in the mouth, and not infrequently swallowed. Did you ever observe a doctor at his ablutions? Invariably he washes his hands first. Then he carefully wipes them and empties and rinses out the bowl before he washes his face. He knows that the hands attract dirt just as a sponge absorbs moisture, and he has too much respect for his face to bathe it in the same water that he has cleansed them. His professional experience has taught him also that poison in the shape of virus from wounds and contagious diseases are often contributed by so simple a process as handshaking. He doesn't propose to have his eyes or his nose or lips contaminated by his hands in that way. The person who bites his nails is infinitely more liable to that risk, for he takes the concentrated filth from under the nails into his mouth."

"But, worst of all, the nail-biter is a self-devouring cannibal. I wonder how many sentimental school girls, who keep their fingers in their mouths half the time, and dudes, who nip at their nails as industriously as they suck their cane heads, have ever thought of that. Probably not many of either class. But it is a fact all the same. When the nails are bitten off, chewed up and revolved in the mouth, as though they were succulent tidbits, it necessarily happens that small particles of the quick are also removed. These particles are human flesh—the nail-biter's own flesh—and they are masticated, frequently swallowed, with the other revolting morsels. Anyone who can bite his nails, after that thought, will never suffer from nausea."—New York Mail and Express.

Fear Does Not Reason.

In fact, the feeling of fear can not be subdued. It is an irresistible emotion that depends upon our organization, and one which all the most logical reasonings can not change. Nothing is more true than the common saying that fear does not reason, and it is remarkable how little efficacy intelligence and its efforts have to arrest its effects. I know a highly intelligent person with a strong and clear mind, who believes he would be lost if he had to go into a boat. Yet the sea is smooth, the course is short and the boat staunch. Excellent reasoning, but it does not take hold of him. His emotion is stronger than all the arguments you can invent, however irrefragable they may be, and no matter how fully the poltroon may recognize their force. How many children there are who do not dare to cross in the night the garden where they have played all day, where they know there is no danger and where they will not lose sight of the lights in the house.—Cor. Popular Science Monthly.

Tools Beside a Mummy.

A tomb has been discovered in Egypt by Professor Maspero in which a square, a mason's leveler, compasses, and other tools have been found beside a mummy. The dead man was an architect, builder, and carver of inscriptions, having control of one-quarter of the cemetery at Thebes. The tomb was very comfortably furnished with linen chests, painted jars, statuettes, and other articles of use or luxury, and contained two sledges for the transport of mummies and sarcophagi.—Chicago Tribune.

The "Golden Beryl."

A deposit of precious stones of a rare kind known as the "golden beryl" has recently been found in the Berkshire hills. Specimens of this gem are occasionally met with in the hands of collectors, but it has never before been found in sufficient quantity to become an article of trade. When cut, the stones are of a beautiful golden color, exceedingly hard, and of great brilliancy.—Boston Budget.

Plenty of Time.

"What's the matter with the train, conductor?" asked a passenger. "Do you expect to stop at every cross-road?"

"If you don't like the way this train is run," growled the conductor, "you can get off and walk."

"Oh, I'm in no hurry," said the passenger.—Harper's Bazar.

A Left-Handed Goddess.

Some years ago a \$20 plate of treasury notes had executed in one corner the Goddess of Liberty with the sword in her left hand—in other words, a left-handed Goddess. The plate was destroyed.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

A certain kind of grass that grows in Florida is sometimes used as a substitute for hog bristles in paint brushes.

Dark men, it has been observed, make the best constructors of plots, fair men the best delineators of character.

A Russian Millionaire's Smoking-Room.

A Russian millionaire has recently had built for him in St. Petersburg a most sumptuous smoking-room, which is the astonishment of all the northern capital. Its richness consists not so much in its furniture, which is a model of simplicity, but in its walls. These are literally lined with European bank notes. Instead of the mass of white ceiling which forms the desperation of disciples of William Morris is seen a profusion of Austrian notes most artistically grouped around a blue 10 florin bank note. Charming designs composed of French, English, Italian, and Russian bank notes adorn the walls.

The curious room has received many famous visitors from all parts of the compass. Among others a celebrated Hungarian painter was introduced. He glanced up at the eccentric millionaire, and said with a smile: "Sir, it is a pity you have already thus disposed of your money, for for the same amount I would willingly have decorated your walls—perhaps more artistically, indeed, than is now the case—by covering them with paintings, even as Michael Angelo did for his holiness, Pope Julius the Second."—Chicago Herald.

Cultivation of the Goat.

Professor Long, of England, advises working people to keep a goat, because it can be kept more cheaply than any other animal, and will yield a profitable return in milk. He thinks the expense of maintaining one would not exceed \$5 a year, while it will eat almost any kind of food and yield from the time of kidding and for six months from one and one-half to two quarts of milk per day, worth at least 2 cents a quart. In some parts of the continent of Europe, where goats are cultivated for cheese-making, it is common for them to milk for nine months, but in that case they are well managed and selected. The district of Mount d'Or, France, famous for its cheese, the number of goats kept many years ago was 11,000, and the average yield per head was two quarts daily. These flocks have gradually diminished, and their place been taken by cows.—Chicago Times.

Gladiators as a Linguist.

The Vienna Neue Freie Presse expresses its astonishment on learning that Mr. Gladiatore during his recent visit to Austria conversed with everybody around him in easy and elegant German. This is not so remarkable after all when it is remembered that the Grand Old Man can do his thinking when he pleases in ancient Greek or Latin, can converse fluently in the modern Hellenic language, can make after-dinner speeches and write verse in Italian, and talk Spanish like a Castilian and French like a Parisian, while his mastery of English is such that the phrase-making Disraeli once raised a laugh at him in the house of commons by describing him as a man "who was intoxicated with the exuberance of his own verbosity."—Chicago Tribune.

Biggest Wheel in the World.

"The biggest wheel in the world" was rolled into the lobby of an up-town hotel a few nights ago. Its diameter was declared to be seven feet—eighty-four inches. A fifty-eight inch machine is accounted large by ordinary bicyclists, and to say that any man living can ride an eighty-four inch wheel sounds fishy. But this is a geared machine in which the power is applied by means of chain belts. Three men ordinarily are required to hold the steed while he climbs into the saddle. Then they give him a push and away he goes. He is in favor of the subway, the telegraph wires prove so great an annoyance to him. But suppose he should take a header!—and every wheelman knows the end is a supposable one.—New York Tribune.

The Smiths of the Army.

The Smith family was largely represented in the army of the Union, and at one time there were upward of 600 in the army of the Potomac. On one of the regimental rolls in the Teutonic division, which gave names and birth-places, were entered, "Giovanni Smith, Italy; Juan Smithas, Spain; Hans Schmidt, Holland; Ivan Schmittwieski, Poland; Jean Smeets, France; Ion Skimmiton, Greece;" and twelve John Smiths born in this country, besides one whose native land was sweet Erin, of whom it was recorded, "named Patrick, but says that he is called John for short."—Ben: Perley Poore.

A London "Three-Wheeler."

A new tricycle cab or "three-wheeler" has just passed the usual police inspection and is now duly licensed for hire in the streets of London. A newspaper says that the new vehicle is comfortable and roomy, that ladies' dresses can not get spoiled by coming in contact with the muddy wheel, and that the driver can be communicated with without dislocation of the neck. All that is needed for its success is, it is said, that passengers should be satisfied that, with its odd-looking single wheel in front, it is by no means dangerous.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

Cigarette Habit Among Women.

The cigarette habit is growing astonishingly among the women folks. There are thousands of cigarettes smoked by the fair sex in this city to-day. Some of the ladies hold in social circles smoke them. How do I know? Well, they send their boys and girls and servants after them, and these, after a slight acquaintance, will tell cigarette dealers for whom they are purchasing the cigarettes.—C. B. W., in Globe-Democrat.

London Parliament's "Great Ben."

"Great Ben," as the clock in the tower of the house of parliament at London is named, has a dial of twenty-two feet ten inches diameter. The works weigh 14,000 pounds, and it is guarded as carefully as if it were a gold mine. A record is kept of its workings, and it has varied but one-tenth of a second in the last two or three years. A person has to climb 1,400 steps to reach the clock. It takes two men four and a half hours each day to wind it up, and every morning the record is taken and transmitted to Mr. Dent, the maker.—Chicago Herald.

HARVEST TIME FOR THIEVES.

Pickpockets Find Business Profitable at This Period of the Year.

"This is the season in which the professional pickpocket begins his professional operations in earnest," said one of the police officers at the Central office the other evening. "Of course," said he, "they are generally on the alert at all times for business, but just now opportunities present themselves on all sides. I had an interesting chat with one of our best officers only a few days ago, and he gave me enough information about the fraternity of pickpockets to fill a book. You see he is detailed to stroll up and down Broadway during the busy hours of the morning and afternoon for no other purpose than to keep an eye upon these individuals. He takes in Fourteenth street, from Broadway to Sixth avenue, and nearly every day he scoops in two or three young gentlemen who like to abstract watches, money, or anything of value from the person of others."

"At this time the New Yorkers who left the city during the summer months have nearly all returned. The dry goods stores and fancy goods emporiums have their fall stock in. The windows are filled with attractive articles, and crowds of shoppers stop to admire or criticize what they see. Many ladies are careful enough to carry their purses inside the bosom of their dress, but the majority have it held in their hand or dangling from their wrist by a silk cord or piece of ribbon. Not a few have their watch-pockets made on the outside of their walking-jackets. While the ladies are crowding in front of the windows it is a simple and easy thing for the pickpocket who knows his business and can 'size up' his victim to push and crowd in too as if he was fairly crazy to see some particular object displayed. But all the while he is watching for an opportunity to work his fingers into some one's pocket, or snap a watch-chain and quietly slip through the crowd and away before the person who has been relieved is aware of the loss. It is a singular thing, too, that but few visitors to the city are preyed upon by this class of criminals. The bunco stealer attends to them, but the New Yorkers who think they can take care of whatever they have about them are invariably the victims. The country people, and even residents of Jersey City, Staten Island and Brooklyn are extra vigilant when they stop in New York. They seldom lose anything."

"The professional pickpocket is generally between 17 and 23 years of age. He always looks shabby, and a hang-dog expression ornaments his countenance. His clothing is bought second hand, or stolen from some one. All these stories about well-dressed, gentlemanly-looking pickpockets are nonsense. You may occasionally come across an isolated case, but the pickpocket is generally a dirty, shiftless fellow, whose capital is his cunning coupled with the dexterity with which he can slip his fingers in some one else's pocket and abstract therefrom a watch or pocketbook without attracting the attention of the rightful owner. They travel in gangs of three or four and some times as many as six or seven work together. When any one of the gang swipes a timepiece or piece of jewelry it is taken to the first place where they know questions are not asked and disposed of for several times less its value. Then there is a division of the spoils and fresh onslaughts are made. These criminals generally wind up with a short turn before they have been many years in the business. They live in the slums of the city, have no ambition except to collar something, and they seldom reform."—New York Mail and Express.

A Temple of Serpents.

The small town of Werda, in the kingdom of Dahomey, is celebrated for its Temple of Serpents, a long building in which the priests keep upward of 1,000 serpents of all sizes, which they feed with the birds and frogs brought to them as offering by the natives. These serpents, many of them of enormous size, may be seen hanging from the beams across the ceiling, with their heads hanging downward in all sorts of contortions. The priests make the small serpents go through various evolutions by lightly touching them with a rod, but they do not venture to touch the largest ones, some of which are large enough to enfold a bullock in their coils. It often happens that some of these serpents make their way out of the temple into the town, and the priests have the greatest difficulty in coaxing them back. To kill a serpent intentionally is a crime punished by death; and if a European was to kill one the authority of the king himself would scarcely suffice to save his life. Any one killing a serpent unintentionally must inform the priest of what has occurred and go through a course of purification, which takes place once a year.—St. James Gazette.

Tired of the Treeless Prairies.

Not long ago a family who resided in St. Paul removed to north Dakota. Its members include a little boy who can yet count his years on the fingers of both hands. One day, after they had resided in their new home a short time, the little fellow, who had been gazing out on the treeless prairie around, approached his mother very soberly, and asked, "Mamma, do they have trees in heaven?" "Yes, dear," replied the mother, "they have everything nice in heaven." "Then, mamma," said the little fellow, eagerly, "let's sell out here and move to heaven right away."—Pioneer Press.

Didn't Like to Disturb.

I think it is Dean Ramsey who tells the story of a drinking party in Scotland at which it was noticed that one man was very quiet. "Kilscadden!" called out the presiding genius; "Kilscadden, you're no drinkin'." There was no answer, but the man on the right of him looked up and said quietly: "It's nae use callin' on Kilscadden. He's dead. He passed awa' about two oors sin, but I didna like tae disturb the harmony o' the occasion."—San Francisco Chronicle.